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THE MISSILE

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THE MISSILE P

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"Missile" Staff

THE MISSILE

FANCIES

By Joel E. Cox

I.

An Attitude

My heart is on top of a silver mast
Riding an amethyst sea.
And under its heights is a moon swept galleon
Not dancing but moving ahead.
Phosphoric waters form the crimson path:
I call it a rosy lane.
The galleon's stately sweep raises a back-wash
That beats against the pursuing schools of deep sea fish
And drives them back to the land.
In the depth of the ocean blue,
Should that vessel strike any rock at all,
I will leave my silver mast and float away
On the balloon that you see in the hull—
Away, away to the west where beauty calls
With love denied in the search of a pile of gold.
Still I'll throw back my head if I fail
And drift to another realm.

II.

Friendship

Green grasses on a mossy bank
Watered and tended by the keeper.
No day but saw some kindness from his hand,
And they swore what a good keeper and true,
And gave him their pearly blossoms.
A thousand times he nursed them,
But on the thousandth time he trod upon a few.
They were insulted, and they never forgave him.
Tell me, master,
What of the other nine hundred and ninety-nine?

III.

Trouble

First Phase

She sits there, the little old lady with the fine spun wig.
All day staring with lack-luster eyes at the crowds that pass
And spit after seeing the fly-covered sores on her hands and face.
No friends, no help but a pittance to buy brown bread.
No mind to brood, no strength to move, but she sits there all the day long.

Second Phase

Gay young Lothario sprained his wrist in a practice match;
Gay young Lothario in despondency, on verge of melancholy
Because he won't be able to play in the cricket match tomorrow.

IV.

A Poet's Retort

"A line of verse is a thing of gold,"
Said a bard when I called it doggerel.
"We thrill as the charming sounds unfold.

"Replete with hidden meanings bold
The verse of Shakespeare does excel.
A line of verse is a thing of gold.

"Harmonious bells by Poe were toll'd.
And Dryden hallowed the organ's swell.
We thrill as the charming sounds unfold.

"Cry, stitch, die, and mould.
Our hearts are torn 'neath the masters' spell.
A line of verse is a thing of gold.

"We laugh and sing in Walter's wold.
And chuckling wish brave Robin well.
We thrill as the charming sounds unfold.

"Why, poetry warms where prose is cold.
In it man's highest and noblest dwell.
A line of verse is a thing of gold.
We thrill as the charming sounds unfold."

V.

Creation

A lump of damp red clay
On a hot sandpile
Under the breathing sun was to me,
When a boy, as a fragrant
Skin lotion cool to the touch.

Before a neat laid avenue of sand
I built a palatial toad-frog house
With my bare foot as a form.
The five-doqred castle stood
Like a rock as my foot I drew from
The flattering coolness of the clay.

A lump of damp red clay
On a hot sand pile
Came back to me as I walked the other day
Through the dark galleries of the Louvre.

HOW I FEEL ABOUT IT

By Effie B. Bailey

There's a lot of good in the worst of us and a lot of bad in the best of us, I suppose. But it's rather disappointing to come across the first gray hair.

I was reading a paper the other day, the February issue, and, I reluctantly admit, was fairly eating it up. I had read almost every article when, all at once and without warning, I came across this:

"MAKE 'EM VOTE OR QUIT

"We note that several state legislatures want to do something to make qualified voters go to the polls and vote, and we don't blame them. A citizen who refuses to exercise his franchise is an enemy to the state. And the women, we regret to say, are the chief offenders. After sandbagging the frightened masculine gender into giving them a right to share in the dirty business of politics, the women have cast their new toy aside. The good ones say politics is too rotten for their participation in it and the bad ones prefer to traffic with their power. The women who told us they were going to reform politics seem to have swapped their franchise for the bobbed tresses, daubed caresses, and gobbed dresses. They've cut their hair, skirts and the ballot box, all at one swoop. Their cut hair reveals their unconcern for woman's crowning glory; their abbreviated skirts, their unconcern for man's highest reverence; and their cut ballot, their unconcern for their country's good."

The article goes on to state that "we approve" of U. S. Senator Capper's bill to impose a tax upon the income of every qualified voter who refuses to vote in national elections.

I was not only disappointed, as I said before, but somewhat surprised when I read the article. I had a kind of unholy feeling that I would like to tell him something. Somehow, I had had while reading those other columns the feeling that this editor was one of those hundred per cent Americans that one always reads about but never sees. Then I found out that one per cent was bad, after all. It seems that the women who said they would reform politics—that is, of course, the men in politics—have found that the men they trusted in for "reverence," as the editor himself expresses it, have "trafficked" a little also; and they're trying to find something with which to fill up the gap. What if they have found it in "bobbed tresses, daubed caresses, and gobbed dresses?" I think they are to be congratulated in the choice.

Maybe "their abbreviated skirts reveal their unconcern for man's highest reverence" would not have struck me so much had I not already read this a page or two back: "The wise ones continue to tell us that figures do not lie, but we are beginning to entertain our doubts. For on a trip to the Florida coast not long ago we saw some nifty figures lying on the beach, we'll tell the world." It was not that I was so pious as to take offense at this. When I read it I laughed, as I surmise all who read it did. But, it seems that short (or rather, abbreviated) skirts on the streets are no worse than bathing suits on the Florida beach—especially when we remember that grandma's bathing suit was discarded long ago. I have been wandering: cannot a woman do her house-cleaning, cooking, laundering, and bring up her children just as well or better—she can certainly be more efficient—in "abbreviated" skirts?

Who was the lenient Gink (maybe I should beg somebody's pardon, but that's the name this editor seems to give everyone whom he doesn't have a particular liking for) anyway, who "gave" woman a right to vote? Would he please come and take back the gift before such men as this take all the pleasure out of it?

Why is it that, every now and then, some one steps up and blames "woman"

for the neglect the polls receive from the qualified voter? Not that I can blame them—that seems to be the easiest way to side-track. The trouble with most women, I suppose, is that they have sense enough to know that if they went to the polls and voted they'd be blamed for not being interested enough in their homes to be there when hubby gets back from the polls—hungry as a bear.

SPRING COMES TO SWITZERLAND

By Mary Ashby Acree

Spring comes,
At last,
To Switzerland.
A faint melody of rejoicing comes from the woods,
A brook,
A composer
Freed from old conventions,
Shows his joy by a composition,
And improvises as it tumbles over the stones and pebbles
In its onward rush to the lake.
The trees rustle and sing,
Soon they will be dressed in their summer's best.
Each wave on the lake,
As it laps against the shore,
Murmurs a sweet refrain
To the spring song of Switzerland.
Faint,
Like an echo,
Comes the song of the yodler,
As he calls
From peak to peak,
To his sheep.
Then,
From afar,
Comes the bleat of the sheep
Like an echo that seems to come again and again
As the last sweet, faint refrain.
To the song.

MARTIN, "THE WING-FOOTED"

By Wilbur J. Enniss

"The only thing that I have against the race today," said Martin Joyner, "is that the folks around this burg won't let it be a race of sport only. There is sure to be betting going on."

This remark was passed by Joyner to a group of High School athletes. The race was to be a ten mile marathon between the two towns of Peterswell and Hopeburg. Many runners from the two

cities had entered and it seems that all the odds were given on Joyner.

Joyner was a well built boy about the age of 18. He was short but strongly built about the legs and hips. He was also very muscular about the arms and shoulders. His curly black hair was cut short and stood on his head like the waves of a lake with a calm wind blowing. Joyner was a good-looking fellow, and yet he was not very popular with the girls. All his dealings had been with boys, and whenever he was in the company of any girl, he was at a loss of how to act or what to say.

The race had caused much excitement in both towns and each High School had entered its best runners.

Mr. Randall, who employed Joyner on Saturdays, had placed a five hundred dollar bet on Joyner. This was not known by Martin up until this time.

As Martin strolled down the street, he happened to drop in at the store.

"Hello, Martin old boy," said Mr. Randell, "How do the old legs feel today?"

"Never felt better in my life," said Martin, with a smile, "and I'll tell you this much, I am going to win or bust."

"Well, you had better win, for I have five hundred on you, and it would be hard with me if I lose," Mr. Randell said slyly.

This seemed to hurt Martin for he was in the race for pure sport, and now since Mr. Randell had placed that money on him, he just had to win.

"Mr. Randall, I am very sorry you placed that bet on me, for I wanted to run in this race and have that feeling of freedom, that feeling of racing for pure sport, and again to see nothing but that cup before my eyes, but since you have told me of your bet I will still put forth my best to win." Saying this Martin took leave of his employer.

He went straight home and into his room where he could think over the proposition. He knew he wasn't the best runner in the race, but he had that confidence in himself to believe he would win. It was then eleven o'clock so he had his mother prepare his light lunch: two eggs, three slices of toast and a cup of tea. When he finished this, he then lay down and fell fast asleep. At two o'clock he awoke and immediately put on his running togs.

Martin Joyner seemed at the peak of fitness as he trotted down to the starting point. He could feel the muscles limber up in his legs and he ran as if it were automatic. His arms swung at his sides, head was erect, he lifted his feet so lightly and without the slightest bit of exertion. As Martin turned the corner of Franklin Avenue, a crowd of fellows on the corner let out a yell for him and this seemed to set his racing blood on fire. He reached the Index office, and upon his arrival whom should he see but Walter Dunn, the fellow whom he had such a hard time beating in the last race? Martin noticed that he was talking to a bunch of Hopeburg fellows, and as he passed one remarked, "There is the guy with wings on his feet; don't he look cute?" Another said, "When Dunn goes by him today, he will think Lindy passed in his 'Spirit of St. Louis.'"

This didn't bother Martin at all for he had heard that kind of remark before. He only laughed and walked on. As he walked up to the desk, a fellow approached him with a number; it was a number that Martin never liked, for it was thirteen. He took the number and went out; his mind was so occupied with that number that he failed to get any pins to fasten it on his back. As he went out of the door some one tapped him on the shoulder, and turning his eyes Martin looked into those of Mary Gordon, one of his classmates.

"Martin," she said " I do hope you win today, but please be careful for I overheard Dunn just now and I fear he is up to something crooked."

Martin didn't know what to say, but he finally uttered, "That's all right, Mary;

he can't pull anything in this race, for it will be too open."

"Well, I just thought I would warn you," Mary said sweetly, "but I know you will win."

She started to leave, but Martin found courage to ask her if she would fasten that number on his back. She seemed only too delighted, and as she fastened it on his back, she placed a small piece of blue ribbon under the pin.

"All to the starting line," a man shouted.

With these words Martin left Mary and wormed his way to the starting line. As he bent over to his starting position someone noticed the blue ribbon on his back and shouted, "Look at Joyner, with his number and carrying some girl's colors. Don't he look cute now?"

Martin did not know what it was all about so he didn't worry. Suddenly everything grew quiet; a man came out of the office and spoke to the group of runners. He explained the route to be taken. The last thing, he warned them to play the game fairly and squarely.

As the pistol sounded, all the runners, who numbered exactly forty, made a break for the lead, but Martin lagged back.

They were reaching the City limits now with Martin far in the rear. All the way to the edge of town the streets had been lined with spectators who cheered Martin, but when the pavement was replaced by the roadway, there was only an occasional pedestrian.

Martin began to pass the runners one by one until he came up to Dunn who was holding the lead. If Dunn should slacken even slightly, he would step out, but for the present he did not try to take the lead.

As he stepped along the road, still with plenty of reserve, even though they were five miles from the starting point, a thought flashed in his mind. Dunn was a fast runner and he couldn't afford to let him stay in the lead. Martin then stepped out and left Dunn; he did not look back for quite a time and when he did he noticed that Dunn just was in sight.

As Martin drew near a small dwelling by the side of the road, he heard a scream. It wasn't just merely a cry of a spanked child but of someone in distress. As he drew near, a girl rushed out of the house and close behind her was a rough looking fellow—a tramp no doubt, wild eyed, ragged and intent on doing injury to the girl who fled before him.

Martin slowed down to a walk as the girl started for the road, but the tramp was faster.

"Help!" she cried "O-o-oh—help!"

Without any further thought Martin dashed off the road, and when he reached her side, he did not say a word but pulled the assailant back.

The tramp immediately lashed out with his heavy fist. It grazed Martin's cheek. Martin knew that he was no match for this man, but he had not stopped to think. Another blow met him squarely on the chin and sent him flying to the ground. He got up and again rushed but was stopped by someone who shouted in his ear.

"The Race! Get back in the road and hurry!"

What position did he hold now? Ahead? No! He could see Dunn's crimson shirt in the distance, and there were two men between them.

He passed the first and then the second but catch Dunn he could not. The blows he had received had weakened him. He knew he was gaining on Dunn, but the pace was too much. He had to slacken.

Two more miles and the race would be over. He cursed the luck! Confound all women, always upsetting something. Yet that one back on the road seemed to be different from those he had known in town. He wondered if he would ever see her again—

"Curse the luck," he gritted, "Dunn's got me. I can't catch him, but there is one thing: I'll die trying."

Cars were kicking up a cloud of dust now and a pain was stabbing him in the

The Faculty

side. He struggled to work it off, but no, he couldn't.

Someone in a car handed him a vacuum bottle, and he quenched his thirst.

There was that dreaded hill; he could see Dunn half way up, and he knew that once on top it was only about half a mile more easy going.

Martin saw Dunn go over the top. Dunn had it easy now. Would that eternal hill never end?

The top at last.

Martin fell. No strength left.

Some one shouted in his ear:

"Get up. Don't quit now."

On his feet once more, he walked a little way and then lunged forward into a trot.

"Only Dunn ahead. Catch him for he is all in too," someone shouted.

Four more blocks. They would seem like four miles.

Someone threw a pail of water into his face and chest. He felt better.

He saw Dunn fall and rise again.

There was a burst of cheering ahead. Did it mean the race was over? No. it couldn't be.

He saw someone struggling to gain his feet, but he couldn't. He tried to sprint but his feet just wouldn't move any faster.

The finish without collapsing—he could do it if he slowed to a walk. No. He would finish running or not at all. There was the tape. Only a few feet. One last lurch—

Martin dropped at the finish line exhausted.

"Where's Dunn?" Martin inquired.

A laugh. Then someone said, "There he is lying in the gutter four feet from the finish line."

He had won—beaten Dunn at his own game.

Martin realized that he was being raised and found that he was lying on a rubbing table. Someone was massaging his legs. His mind cleared, and as he took off his shirt, he noticed the blue ribbon. He then realized that Mary had put it there. His mind then went back to the girl along the road.

Had it been a put up job? No, it couldn't have been, for she seemed so different from the rest of the girls he knew. Well, any way he didn't care. He had won and with Mary's colors on his back.

Martin received his cup and then returned home. Upon his arrival he called Mary, and before he could say anything, Mary was blowing him up for leaving the race. Then she hung up.

"Well, that just goes to show you that they are all alike," he said, "and from now on they can all get along without me."

A SEA GULL

By Annie Boisseau

A cloudless sky; a calm blue sea;
The rippling of waves caressing the shore;
A gleam of white wings made bright by the sun;
A sea gull swoops and the spray dashes o'er.

The sun is hidden by heavy black clouds;
The foaming waves roll high, then a lull;
A cold, harsh wind sweeps the bleak gray sea,
A sea forsaken save only a gull.

A flash of lightning, a crash of thunder;
The maddened waves combat with the shore.
With fury they lash the rock-bound coast.
A sea gull dips, and is seen no more.

FLOORS

By Virginia Lee Strailman.

Did you ever think of floors as being almost the same as humans? Well, indeed they are—only, floors have a much harder time than we ever will have.

Just think how horrible it would be to have to be a school-room floor! Everyone (especially boys with shoes minus rubber heels) always tries to see how much noise can possibly be raised. Although this may disturb and attract attention, only the poor floor is really the one concerned. It often moans in anger:

"Oh! How I do wish you wouldn't scratch and ruin me! I always look so disreputable, and I would so like to be as bright and new and happy as the well kept floors of some of the modern homes. But with these creatures (for, so they are) running up and down my back, I never will be anything but old and scared!"

But all this to no avail! For along comes someone else and slides chairs and desks all over the room. They have no mercy on such an insignificant object as a floor. If people only knew how necessary they were! How often have I wanted to bang a book down on a defenseless floor when some heartless teacher gave me a much too long and impossible lesson! However, fearing conduct assembly, I refrained from so cruel an act.

During the late hours of the night and the wee small ones of the morning, the dance floor is much in use. It sees numerous jazz-mad and dizzy couples glide (or rather bounce, I should say) on its surface. Girls, when they are doing the "Black Bottom" or some such idiotic dance, never mind leaving the imprint of their high heels on the smooth, slick floor. I know that the floor often wonders if these crazy children of the world will ever get off its back and let it catch a couple of hours of sleep.

Now at home a floor is quite indicative of the character of the people that live there. You can always spot a careless or a careful person by the condition in which they keep their floors. A dirty floor always reminds me of a dirty, unkempt child. It shows that no one cares whether it looks nice or not.

Who says floors haven't feelings? In some homes they have been run and romped over by so many roughnecks that they actually creak aloud in pain! But—Alas! Alack! Such is the life of all floors!

CARNIVAL

By Effie B. Bailey

I.

Carnival Night

Come out! for tonight is Carnival night!
Come out—and we'll all be jolly and gay;

We'll laugh and we'll play for our hearts will be light.
Come out! for tonight is Carnival night;
We'll shout with gladness with all our might—
Tomorrow will be just another blue day.
Come out! for tonight is Carnival night!
Come out—and we'll all be jolly and gay.

II.

It Used To Be

In a nice new suit and a jaunty hat,
With an air of a hero returning to sea,
Grandpa came courting at grandma's flat.

Grandma must have thought him a diplomat,
Surely a crafty fellow was he
In his nice new suit and his jaunty hat.

Around the big hearth each evening they sat—
Each member of grandma's family—
When grandpa came courting at grandma's flat.

But grandpa'd gotten his lessons down pat:
The old folks approved, as he could see,
Of his nice new suit and his jaunty hat.

And maybe they suited each other, at that,
So the old folks might as well agree.
When grandpa came courting at grandma's flat.

It was just a case of tit for tat,
And married the couple soon must be.
In a nice new suit and a jaunty hat.
Grandpa came courting at grandma's flat.

III.

To_____

Your eyes are always free from tears,
You borrow joy from coming years.
It seems that debts don't bother you,
For you go on—still smiling through.

Your heart is always free from care—
You go smiling everywhere.
You're flippant, but you're kind and true:
It's good to know a girl like you.

IV.

Little Downy Bird

Little downy bird, you're good to me;
You sit and sing away all my care
Perched upon the top branch of that tree;
Little downy bird, you're good to me,
When trouble comes, whatever it may be,
I'm always sure to find you trilling there.
Little downy bird, you're good to me;
You sit and sing away all my care.

V.

Myth

The Gods plan the end of all things—
And I waste time here with you.
The very heavens above me shake and roar,
And still I stay.
But the patience of these Gods
Is soon at an end.

FORTY-EIGHT HOURS

By Walter E. Dodge.

"Are the tanks full?" asked Jack Marian of Fred, his brother. These two brothers had a short but snappy history. Between them they owned a beautiful monoplane, "The Aquavia," and had recently entered it in a trans-Atlantic $25,000 prize contest. In order that they might properly equip their plane for the flight, it had been necessary to borrow $350 from a Mr. Hiram Flint of Goldsburg. This old "shark" had made them put up their beautiful Wright Whirlwind motor as security. The brothers were now about to make a trial flight.

"Right to the gallon," replied Fred. "Say, if she rises today, we won't have much to worry about."

"No, nothing to worry about, nothing at all," mocked his brother. "How about this bird by the name of Lindbergh? He nearly made a non-stop flight right across the U. S. on his trip here, and let me tell you, he's got me worried."

"Aw, cut the comedy, big boy," continued Fred, "he'll never try to cross without a navigator; still, he has got me guessing."

"Well, all I've got to say is we're counting on those twenty-five thousand berries. Let's go. All ready? Contact."

With this word the boys shot down the runway for a short trial spin. Much to their delight, the ship took off just at the three-eight of a mile mark, and as they were carrying a full load, everything seemed ideal. After flying for about twenty minutes, they decided the ship was in tip-top shape for the flight with the exception of a defective altimeter which was promptly replaced.

"Well, I was afraid that would stick," said Fred, "but we're lucky to be get-

ting off so easily. Now all that's holding us is the weather report."

At this instant there came running up a uniformed boy bearing a little yellow slip. It was the latest weather report. "North Atlantic unsettled, light storm off N. S." read Jack. "Well, I guess that holds us up for another day. I'll surely be glad when we finally start."

"There goes Captain Lindbergh now," interrupted Fred. "I tell you he's truly got me worried."

In this manner, time was idled away while waiting for clear weather when, like lightning out of a clear sky, the boys learned that Lindbergh had hopped off and was already winging his way across the Atlantic alone.

"I told you so," cried Fred, excitedly. "Good-bye, twenty-five thousand berries," Jack suppressed a long sigh, but said nothing.

"Think he'll make it?," asked Fred.

"Uh huh, I guess so," replied Jack lazily; "I guess we'll have to pack for home now. I wonder where we'll ever rake up that $350. to pay Mr. Flint?"

"That's heck on wheels," Fred continued. At that instant he was startled by someone gently tapping him on the shoulder. Turning, he gazed upon a very anxious looking gentleman, who looked to be about fifty.

"I beg your pardon," the stranger said, "but if you're the Marion brothers I have an offer that I hope will be of interest to you. I am Linwood C. Shore of the National Radium Company and, to be very brief, we have an order booked by Fleas & Co. of Paris that must be delivered within forty-eight hours. On hearing that you did not hop off this morning, I jumped to the conclusion that this Lindbergh beat you to it and that you were not interested until you heard from him. Am I not right?"

Fred responded to the smile of the stranger and wondered how he could have guessed their thoughts so accurately.

Evidently pleased with himself, the stranger continued, "Now I have been authorized to offer you $15,000 if you will deliver this shipment of radium to Fleas & Co., Paris, within these forty-eight hours."

"Great day, man," broke in Jack "where is the radium?"

"Right here in my car," smiled Mr. Shore.

"We're on," shouted Fred.

"Fine," Mr. Shore continued, "You will find our check for $15,000 waiting for you at the Capital Bank of Paris." With this he left a carefully packed box in their possession, and with a few more details he asked them when they would leave. They replied that they were ready to take off right away.

The Aquavia made a beautiful run for a quarter of a mile, but suddenly the machine careened sharply to the left. A tire had blown out. Only luck had prevented an accident.

"Ye Gods," cried Fred as he hopped out and examined the wheel. "It's lucky we have a spare."

It was a forty minute job to replace the tire and prepare for another take off. This time everything ran smoothly and they left the ground at the three-eights of a mile mark.

"Gosh, I'm glad we've finally started," sighed Jack.

"Humph, don't crow too soon," his brother warned him.

There were but few words exchanged during the first four or five hours and they were now over the open Atlantic with fair winds helping them.

* * *

After traveling thirty-two hours the boys were pretty tired and conversation lagged even more. They had been seen by only two ships, and they felt pretty far from civilization.

Jack was just beginning to speak about some dark clouds they were running into, when there suddenly came a downpour.

"Guess our luck isn't holding out," muttered Jack, "but this can't last long. Besides . . . . " Jack never finished that sentence. A terrific bolt of lightning

struck the plane which careened crazily for an instant, then side-slipped down— down— down.

"Jack, Jack," cried Fred, but Jack did not reply. Fred was at the controls, and Jack rushed back to where that precious radium was and made sure it was securely lashed to their two life preservers. Fred tried every trick he knew, but he was unable to regain control of the ship.

Suddenly they struck the cold water and both boys leaped. To their surprise, the plane did not sink instantly, but floated around half submerged, it being held up by the nearly-empty gasoline tanks.

In an instant they were back in the plane and soon had the radium free. How long the plane would float, they could not tell.

"Here's one time empty gas tanks are welcome," muttered Jack.

Together they inflated their rubber boat, and after placing therein their radium they shoved off and headed east.

Luckily, very luckily, they were within six miles of shore, and on reaching it, they made a quick trip to Paris and delivered the radium within forty-three hours from the time they started.

"Whew," said Fred, carefully putting the $15,000 check in his pocket, "That's what I call fun."

ROSES

By Margaret Cuykendall

This morning in my garden bright
I saw the dew had visited there.
It left its crystal beads last night
On all the little roses fair.

The sun was up so high at noon
It dried the little dew drops up,
And made the dainty roses swoon.
There was no moisture in their cup.

This evening when the sun went down
The roses all looked fresh again.
For they had gained another crown
Placed on them by refreshing rain.

COUNTRY ROADS IN VIRGINIA

By James V. Burgess

Virginia, the oldest state in the union, has had, until the last few years, a reputation for "mud roads".

Virginia's State Highway Commission is spending its money wisely and effectively; consequently her reputation of "mud roads" has been wiped out to some extent.

The Roanoke *World-News*, in an editorial a few weeks ago, pointed out the fact that Mr. Shirley and his associates are building roads in practically every instance where they are most needed, and that there is no evidence of any waste of their funds.

Governor Byrd foresees a highway sys-

tem in Virginia that will be second to none after six year's time. There will be approximately 7,000 miles of road in the State system at that time. There will be left about 52,000 miles of road in Virginia that are outside of this system and still maintained by the county.

In the same time that the State highways have been greatly improved, the county roads have received very little improvement.

On January 1, 1925, 119,575 farms, or 61.9 per cent of the total number of farms in Virginia, were located on unimproved dirt roads. The fact that only two other states, West Virginia (72.5 per cent) and New Mexico (68.8 per cent), have a smaller proportion of farms on improved roads, shows that, although Virginia's road progress has been large in recent years, she still has a hard and costly task before her.

Of the ten states that have the highest percentage of farms on dirt roads, seven are southern states. With all of its emphasis on roads during the past few years, North Carolina is outranked by Mississippi, Texas and Louisiana. Pennsylvania, one of the wealthiest states, ranks poorly in country or farm-to-market roads.

Today the counties of Virginia find themselves with more money for the construction of roads than they have ever possessed before. Every year, as this becomes more and more the age of the automobile, the State Highway System becomes more important. The importance of the feeder system of roads is growing correspondingly.

The counties are jealous of their powers, the board of supervisors are jealous of the power of their office. Both are jealous of the use of the $10,000,000 now expended by the counties annually in the construction of roads.

The act of 1918 for the establishment of the State Highway System was the result of two forces: dissatisfaction with the management of the roads by the counties, and the belief that the State should be responsible for the upkeep of the main thoroughfares of travel.

Then came the fight for bonds. The cautious tax-payer decided against them. Since that time, in every general assembly, there has been a demand for more money and larger freedom in the building of local roads. Today the counties are receiving more road money from the State than ever before, and are subject to fewer restrictions as to how they shall spend it.

The total cash road funds of the localities are approximately $10,000,000 a year. This is equal to about one-third of the total receipts of the counties from all other sources. The expenditure of the greater part of the money for roads is in the hands of the county supervisors.

The average supervisor means to do his best for the county. A few are men of ability. The majority, nevertheless, are not familiar with the methods used in road building and upkeep.

Ten millions of dollars are not to be taken from the people and spent carelessly. By better administration the people could get at least twenty per cent more roads for their money. This means that two million dollars are wasted annually.

The answer to our problem is a county road engineer, a graduate civil engineer who has expert knowledge and can take over the whole county road system. He should direct the work, lay off the roads for proper drainage, and so plan and supervise operations that the taxpayers will get not only better roads, but more nearly 100 per cent returns on their road taxes than they can ever hope to receive by the present method.

There is much that the State Highway Department might do in co-operation with the county authorities for the betterment of the roads of Virginia, which the department cannot do now under the laws of the State.

If the board of supervisors will meet the highway officials half way, there is every possibility that the State can assist

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in planning county systems, in making suggestions as to routes and types of construction, and in selecting and purchasing equipment and materials. This would result in a saving to the taxpayer and help to wipe out the reputation of "mud roads" that Virginia has had in the past.

A CAMEO

By Mary Farinholt

It was fashioned and wrought in a far off land,
By a man who was very old,
When finished it was a beautiful ring,
A cameo set in gold.

And he sang sad songs of the years that were passed
Of a maiden very fair,
And he carved her image in the pure white stone—
Red lips and golden hair.

And he made them of onyx, agate and shells;
Each brought a happier thought,
For she lived anew in each cameo,
And he smiled at what he had wrought.

THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS

By Lucie Grossmann

Early Saturday morning Ralph Judson, paymaster for the Fulton Mill, left the bank, as usual, carrying his black leather handbag containing the three thousand dollar payroll for the workers of the mill. As he came out of the bank the janitor, who was very busy washing windows, noticed that Judson got into a green roadster and drove off, but he did not notice who was driving the car.

Shortly after this Daniel Thompson, cashier in the bank and friend of Judson, entered the bank. Thompson was a very tall man, with dark skin and dark hair, and a man who held himself exceedingly straight. At the door he paused a moment and spoke to the janitor, who was still busy washing windows.

"I say, Joshua, has Mr. Judson been here this morning?"

"Yas, suh, he jus lef here bout a haf hour ago. Ya ain't been hunting has ya? I see some sheep burrs on ya pant's leg and I'se jest wondering."

"No, Joshua," replied Thompson with a laugh. "I went walking in the field yesterday, and I forgot to remove them."

Thompson went into the bank. He seemed very happy that morning, and when the president of the bank asked why, he replied, "Oh you see, I have just become the possessor of three thousand dollars. Isn't that enough to make any one happy?"

The president replied that it was and the morning's work was begun. About

eleven o'clock the phone rang and the president of the bank answered it.

"Yes, this is the Fulton Bank. Judson? Why he left the bank this morning, as usual, for the mill. What! he hasn't shown up yet? Something must be the matter. I will be down at once."

While preparing to leave, many things were turning over in the president's mind. Could Judson have skipped with the money? No, Judson was a man much trusted, and he had held the job for five years. Then he must have met with foul play. Three thousand dollars gone. Why, that was just the amount that Thompson had become possessor of recently. He hated to doubt Thompson, but it looked very suspicious. On the way out of the bank he stopped and addressed the janitor.

"Joshua, did you see Mr. Judson leave the bank this morning?"

"Yas, suh, he lef as usual bout nine o'clock and I sawed him get into a green car, but I don know who was driving it, suh."

"A green car," said the president to himself. Yes, Thompson had a green roadster.

"By the way, Joshua, did you notice anything peculiar about Mr. Thompson this morning?"

"Why, no suh, boss, cept he had some sheep burrs on him, which come from walking in the field he say."

The president, satisfied with his information, started toward the mill. So Thompson had been walking in the field? What could his object be? It was very evident that Thompson had in some way stolen the money, but what had he done to Judson?

In about twenty minutes he arrived at the mill. At the door of the office he paused a moment. As he did, he noticed that the green roadster, belonging to Donald Tracy, the manager of the mill, was standing in front of the office spattered with mud. He then entered the mill and went at once to the manager. The manager was a man about six and a half feet tall and of a swarthy complexion. His hair was coal black. As the president of the bank entered, he noticed that Tracey's clothes seemed very disheveled, but as this was not unusual, he thought no more about it.

"Well, Tracey, what do you think of the case?" asked the president.

"I think that Judson has been waylaid and the money stolen."

"But what has been done with Judson?"

"Maybe he is held a prisoner, or perhaps, if he resisted his robber, he may have been shot."

After much consideration it was decided to notify the police. This having been done, a search was at once started. The president told no one of his suspicions against Thompson, as he decided it was best to wait until the police had discovered some clue.

Two days later the body of Ralph Judson was found in a small deserted farmhouse about five miles from town with a bullet through his head. The police at once went to investigate the murder, taking with them Tracey and the president of the bank. The tracks of two men were found in the path leading to the house, so it was decided from this that Judson had been shot after he had reached the farmhouse. At the door of the house Tracey seemed to hesitate as if he dreaded going in, and not until every one else had gone in did he enter. By the body of Judson a pistol was found and a white handkerchief. The police began hunting for other clues, and the president began an examination of the body and the two articles left by the murderer, but Tracey remained at the door and took no interest at all in the proceedings. All of a sudden the president exclaimed, "Why here are the initials D. T. in the corner of this handkerchief. D. T.? Why, I thought so all the time."

Everyone rushed to where the president was standing and began to examine the handkerchief. Then the president told the police of his suspicions of Dan-

iel Thompson and how the incident of the handkerchief was his last clue. The police, after hearing the president's report and being satisfied that the criminal had been found, decided to leave the house at once and to return to the town and make their arrest.

They left the house, and as Tracey came out of the door he seemed to be very much relieved. The trip to Fulton city was short and they arrived at the bank just as Daniel Thompson was coming out. The police went forward and put him under arrest and carried him to jail to remain until the trial.

"Well," said the president, "we can do nothing until the trial, which will take place day after tomorrow."

It was a very beautiful morning on the day of the trial and nearly everyone was at the courthouse. Although the weather was quite beautiful, the crowd that assembled there was not in a very joyful humor. Daniel Thompson was a favorite among the townspeople, and the majority of them believed him to be innocent.

The trial had begun and had already lasted a half hour. It seemed evident that Daniel Thompson had taken the money. On the day of the robbery he had admitted to the president that he had just received three thousand dollars. Then Ralph Judson was seen by the janitor in a green roadster and Daniel Thompson had a green roadster. And the handkerchief bearing the initials D. T. was enough in itself to convict him.

But it seemed that fortune favored Daniel Thompson, for when his lawyer's time came to defend him, he called an old farmer to the witness stand. The farmer testified that on the morning of the robbery and murder he had seen Ralph Judson in a green roadster about three miles from the city. A man of dark complexion was driving the car and was doing everything in his power to prevent Judson from getting out of the car. He stated that, if he saw the man again he would be able to recognize him. Thompson's lawyer asked, as he pointed to the prisoner, "Is this the man?"

"No," replied the farmer, as he shook his head.

The lawyer then told him to look over the crowd and see if the dark man, whom he had seen driving the car was in the audience. The farmer gazed at the audience. Then suddenly he stood up and took a long look in front of him. Then with his finger pointed at Donald Tracey he said, "There he is."

Tracey moved nervously and turned deathly pale. It was then that the president recalled Tracey's green roadster spattered with mud, his disheveled clothes, and his hesitation at the door of the farmhouse where the body of Judson was found. D. T. on the handkerchief were the initials of Donald Tracey as well as Daniel Thompson. Yes, Tracey was the criminal.

The tide turned and in the place of Thompson, Donald Tracey was led from the room a condemned man.

Later it was found that Tracey had been gambling, and in order to make good the three thousand dollar losses he had conceived a plan of stealing the money. It was also found that Daniel Thompson ,on the day of the murder, had inherited three thousand dollars from a wealthy relative.

A week later Donald Tracey was taken to the place of his electrocution. On the same day, Daniel Thompson left the bank to start his new duties as manager of the Fulton city mill.

SIX TRIOLETS

I.

Singing

By Louise Harwell

I wanted to sing of my brother,
But my efforts were all in vain,
Since my thoughts were all of my lover.
I wanted to sing of my brother
As it was the desire of my mother,
But my thoughts were off again;
I wanted to sing of my brother,
But my efforts were all in vain.

II.

A Blue Moon

By Elizabeth Powell

A blue moon shone up in the sky;
Two lovers sat, away, alone;
They seemed to sit and think just why
A blue moon shone up in the sky.
Their troth they pledged, both rather shy
They whispered in an undertone.
A blue moon shone up in the sky—
Two lovers sat, away, alone.

III.

The Days of Swinging

By Louise Wolff

I love to swing in a swing so high,
To be able to see o'er, far and wide,
The ridges and rills, and the city that's nigh;
I love to swing in an swing so high,
To be able to view those going by,
Both those that walk and those that ride;
I love to swing in a swing so high,
To be able to see o'er, far and wide.

IV

A Moonvine

By Myrtle Owen

With the moon's first beam
You open your eye;
Your soft petals gleam
With the moon's first beam.
But the sun rays stream
And you wither and die;
With the moon's first beam
You open your eye.

V

Autumn

By Jean Gills

When the autumn leaves begin to fall,
And everything is turning brown,
Squirrels are feeding in trees so tall,
When the autumn leaves begin to fall.
The frost lies heavy on grass and wall,
And glistens on flowers like a crown
When the autumn leaves begin to fall,
And every thing is turning brown.

VI

An Allegory

By James V. Burgess

The cat and the bat had a spat
As to where the next meal they would find.
They sent for the judge, a rat.
The cat and the bat had a spat.
But the judge was young and fat,
So they pounced on the rat from behind.
The cat and the bat had a spat
As to where the next meal they would find.

Football Team

READING

By Mildred Steere

What a myriad of thought comes into my mind if anyone mentions the word "reading". This word of two syllables presents more than two mental pictures to me. I read in the paper the other day an editorial in which the writer said that the number of syllables a word had presented the same number of mental pictures to one's mind. For instance, the word window brought to the mind one picture of a square, ordinary window, while the other picture was the view, generally of grass and trees, which was framed in by the sills. Another example was the word drawing. This is supposed to give one the mental picture of a drawing tablet and a pencil.

My mind must be different from the usual mind, or else that writer's mind must be different. I believe most firmly in the latter, for words upon words come into my mind that present more pictures than syllables that make up the word.

For example, I'm taking the word "reading". What a group of pictures comes into my mind. Not just two, which I suppose ought to be a book and a comfortable chair, but a picture of the library, rows upon rows of books, our own home library, then vague in the background are pictured thoughts of the recent books that I have read. Still more hazy almost unable to be distinguished, are the pictures of the stories of my childhood days, pictures of Cinderella at the ball and her "pumpkiny" return, of Jack, the giant killer, making his notable descent down the "wonder bean vine", and of Goldilocks, frightened by the three bears, jumping from the window and running home to protection.

How many times I have fallen asleep at night trying to read a book that I was required to read by the next day, but how many times have I stayed up till after twelve reading a novel. The other day I was given Lytten's "Rienzi" to read. Later, I chose the book "The Red Signal", by Mrs. Lutz to read for enjoyment. I picked up "Rienzi". Oh, how it bored me. I dozed over it two or three times, and, in disgust, laid it upon the table. I saw "The Red Signal"; I picked it up, read the first page and could not put it down. My lessons were neglected. I stayed up till twelve fifteen finishing the book. The book was better than the other from the beginning; I cannot say because it is a better book, because still I have not read "Rienzi", and therefore do not know of the contents of it. The main reason why I couldn't get interested in "Rienzi" was because it was compulsory reading. I might have read the book, enjoyed it, and finished it ages ago if every time I saw it there didn't "pop" into my mind the command, "You've *got* to read it, *got* to." O how many times things and obstacles would be overcome willingly and enjoyment gotten too if some one didn't say you had to do it; then you can't bear the thoughts of it, and had rather do anything else in the world than what you are told to.

But reading is a subject that almost everyone can be suited with. There are such varieties of subject matter that everyone can be supplied. I am always pleased if anyone gives me books to read. Very often when I have not convenient a book to read, I think out and develop the parts of books that were not given in detail, or where the books come to an end, I carry on the mental pictured lives of the characters. This is always very interesting, and makes one more anxious to read some more books by the same author to see if by any chance your thoughts concerning his characters are revealed in any of his other works.

Thinking and reading go side by side. In a channel of my brain a whole section

is reserved for them alone. If at any time I am bored and have nothing to interest me, they are my main means of diversion. They are as two great friends joined by no greater bond than real friendship, living in a small grey home that is always calling upon them for help, a great deal too much, I suppose.

ROSITA

By Myrtle Owen

A wandering, happy, carefree maid
Flitted along the way;
Her tamoburine swings, she dances and sings,
Rosita is out today!

And the crowds how they meet, all over the street
For haunting gypsy songs;
She dances wildly and sings out her cheer
And captivates the throngs.

DIANA DAWDLES IN DOMESTICS

By Dena Lee Townes

The sun shone down on the quiet little city of Blane. On this particular morning, three girls could be seen sitting on the porch of one of the most beautiful homes of Blane. They were very lazily talking and sipping lemonade.

"Oh, I'm so tired of this lazy, humdrum life," exclaimed Nell, "nothing exciting ever happens around here."

"Well, for once Nell has said something worth while," broke in her chum, Grace.

"But as long as we're happy, why worry?" voiced the sensible Dianna. "I, for one, am very well satisfied with life in general."

"Listen to the child rave!" came Grace's long drawn out voice.

"Well, why quarrel over a small thing like that?" asked Nell, and picking up a newspaper, she seemed to forget her two friends. Those two young ladies didn't seem to mind in the least, for they at once became engaged in a long discussion of matter-of-fact subjects.

"Girls, listen to this!" exclaimed Nell, jumping up with the paper in her hand. Then she read, " 'Wanted; an experienced young maid, good salary, apply 1620 Woodsdale Ave.' Diana, I dare you to answer that advertisement, and at the end of two weeks, if you haven't been recognized I'll give you a box of your favorite chocolates."

"Yes, and I'll give you a bottle of that imported perfume that you like so well," chimed in Grace.

"Don't tempt me so," laughed Diana, "but there's one thing that I'll never do and that is take a dare; so I'll answer the advertisement."

The next few minutes were spent in talking over the prospects of the next two weeks, when Grace became practical and asked, "Where will your mother and father think you are for those two weeks, Diana?"

Evidently Nell wanted to get the price of her chocolates in fun, because her answer to the question was, "That's part

of the dare. Diana will have to figure that out for herself."

"Such is life," exclaimed Diana. "I never was any good at solving puzzles."

"Yes, we've found that out," answered Grace.

That afternoon found Diana sending a long letter to her favorite aunt. She explained her plan and asked her aunt to write to her mother. Now Diana's plans was to pretend she was visiting her aunt, but really she would be occupying the position of maid in one of the most fashionable homes of Blane. As she thought, her aunt agreed thoroughly and at once invited Diana to spend two or three weeks with her.

About two or three days pass, and we find Diana very well established as maid. The experience was new and the first two days Diana was perturbed, but gradually as she learned to know her mistress better, she learned to like her position. She refused to serve in the dining room, because she was afraid of being recognized when there were guests. Her mistress noticed this but didn't pay much attention to it, because she had a butler and really didn't need Diana to serve.

Of course, one can't expect to have good luck all of the time, because it is almost always certain to change. This was Diana's case exactly. About the first week she had good luck. Nothing much happened, and, under the assumed name of Mary Butler, she managed to receive two or three messages from Nell and Grace. Then came the bad luck. There was an uncertainty as to whether the butler would be able to keep his position or not. This almost completely unnerved Diana because it meant that she would have to take his place and serve in the dining room. At one time it seemed as if the thing that Diana dreaded most was about to happen. At last it came. The butler had left, and two of the most prominent people of Blane were to be guests at dinner. Diana's doom had come at last. She had to serve.

Finally the fateful day dawned, bright and clear. The morning and afternoon slipped by uneventfully, but it was the evening that Diana dreaded so much. Just before dinner she slipped up to her room and screwed her hair up tighter on her head, and to complete the disguise, she added a great amount of grease to her face. "There," she exclaimed, "even Grace and Nell wouldn't recognize me!" Tying on her apron Diana went down to the kitchen. There her mistress awaited her to give her her last instructions.

As Diana opened the door to the dining room, she felt as if the tray that she carried was lead, for who should be the two guests but Mr. and Mrs. Sterling, her father and mother? It was then that Diana wished she could turn and run, but she checked herself and served the course to the best of her ability.

As she left the room, Mrs. Sterling interrupted the conversation by saying, "I'm positive I've seen that girl somewhere before." Mr. Sterling, not recognizing his daughter, only laughed and replied, "Tut, tut, mother, you're dreaming."

When Diana made her next appearance, Mrs. Sterling watched every move she made. Just before Diana was about to leave the room her mother stood up and exclaimed, "Diana!"

At this Diana let out a hearty laugh. The dinner was forgotten until after Diana had told her story, when she made them sit down and let her finish serving them.

Diana had been recognized, but not until the last night of her two weeks; so between bites of chocolates and snifs of a daintily perfumed handkerchief, she laughingly told Nell and Grace some of her many experiences as a maid.

ROADS

By Virginia Pegram

I dream of paved and lovely roads,
As far as the human eye can see.
Not dusty from the crowds of cars,
But roads just fit for royalty.

My roads would reach from coast to coast,
And flowers of yellow and gold grow nigh
All shining in wealth and treasures untold,
Nodding and laughing at each passerby.

I dream of a way all happy and gay,
Not a house nor a sign to mar the view.
Each country road would be calling aloud;
I would ride and ride if dreams came true.

LOOKING AT—

By Elizabeth Adkins

A hobby is indeed a curious thing. Everyone has one whether he realizes it or not, for there is such a thing as unconsciously having a hobby. This is possible because a hobby is an intangible thing upon which we rely to amuse us when other things fail us. Having never thought upon this subject for any length of time, I never dreamed that I had a hobby until (in order to write this) I was forced to think about it. Much to my surprise I found that my hobby is to "look at" dresses, coats, hats, shoes, slickers—anything in fact; but without the slightest intention of buying them. The term "window-shopping" is applied to this sort of thing in regard to looking in the windows, but my hobby is as yet nameless. I am not willing to take the responsibility upon myself to name it; so unless someone else names it, it will go nameless through the ages.

I suppose that everyone at one time or another has a period of blues. I know that I do, at any rate. By a period of blues I mean a time in which nothing pleases you (not even food, for you find yourself pining for ice cream or something just as desirable, every day; yet when you get it you aren't satisfied) and everything bores you. Then is the time when your hobby shines. In my case I'll get a friend who also enjoys "looking" and proceed to go down town or to Richmond (according to my financial conditions). Incidentally going to Richmond on such a trip will not hurt Petersburg, for all the available cash will go to the bus driver. Then begins a period crammed full of "finds" (only to be lost again, since this is a "looking" trip). We dutifully price clothes, try them on and finally decide they aren't becoming in order to make out getaway. After an hour or so this "trying-on" episode becomes irksome. We then content ourselves with simply looking and fingering articles. In this part of our trip we continually hear what to our ears seem unmelodious voices asking, "Anything for you?" (If we really wanted something every clerk would be hidden from sight). We answer, "Just looking" in a tone of voice that would be a hint

to the wise to leave us. The clerk, however, instead of taking the hint stands and watches us as if she expects us to grab something and make our escape. Therefore all pleasure is gone for the day, so we go home. A day spent in such a way always works like magic in banishing my blues.

If one considers the clerks, this sort of hobby appears almost criminal. However, since it is my hobby, I must gratify it.

JUST ANOTHER DOG

By James V. Burgess

He has two grey eyes and one pug nose.
He is black from the tip of his head to his toes.
He's as shaggy and dirty as one dog can be,
But I ought to be glad that he hasn't a flea.

He is kicked at and cursed at from day until night.
Romps in the street until he's a sight.
Gets caught in the rat traps and chases the cat;
He even gets frisky and chews up my hat.

The fellows don't like him and call him a cur.
But some day I'll tell them that there's where they err,
'Cause Bowser can hunt almost any old game.
E'en though he were lame, I'd love him the same.

BITS OF PURPLE GLASS

By Willie May Mangum

Out of a taxicab at the entrance of the Marleigh Apartments, London, stepped a well dressed young woman, who mounted the steps with regal bearing. In the upper hall, just as she passed, Mr. Barlow, a young lawyer, stepped briskly out of his sister's apartment. He was very much attracted by the young woman's appearance and returned to seek information from his sister, Mrs. Morrison. He was informed that she was Miss Jeanette Ingleton, who lived with her very cross and grouchy grandfather in the apartment across the hall.

Retracing his steps he once more prepared to leave for his office. This time he was arrested by a shrill piercing scream from the apartment across the hall. Rushing to the door, he collided with a badly frightened maid, who was in the act of fleeing down the hall. He found Miss Ingleton crouching against the door of her boudoir and pointing wildly toward her grandfather's room. Entering this, he saw an old man, presumably her grandfather, lying as is asleep, but upon closer examination Barlow saw that he was dead. Quickly he grasped the situation and succeeded in learning the names of the physician and lawyer of the deceased. This done and communication with them accomplished, he repaired to his sister's apartment.

The doctor, a bustling, middle-aged

man, arrived immediately. He examined the body and declared death due to natural causes.

Barlow, however, was curiously dissatisfied and asked permission to examine the body. His request was readily granted. He, being very observant, saw what others would most likely have overlooked. It was what seemed to be a pin with the head broken off, driven into the head at the base of the brain. Discovering this, he began looking around for clues. As he did not see anything which he thought bore any connection with the murder, for such he knew it to be, he returned to tell of his incredible discovery.

An autopsy was performed, the long pin was removed, and the powerful machine, namely the police, began to function in an effort to bring to justice the perpetrator of the crime.

Both Miss Ingleton and her maid were closely questioned, but knew nothing further than the fact that Mr. Ingleton had gone to bed in an unusually unpleasant frame of mind. Miss Ingleton had left early, before her grandfather's rising hour, to go shopping. The outer door and all the windows had been securely bolted. This fact, as Mr. Barlow foresaw, was to cast the shadow of suspicion upon Jeanette Ingleton.

Brandon Ingleton, cousin of Jeanette, showed much concern. He stated that he and his grandfather had engaged in a heated quarrel the night of the murder on account of his grandfather's refusal to advance him a large sum of money. This revelation switched the center of interest to Brandon's activities after his departure from Mr. Ingleton's rooms.

During the tragic days which followed the gruesome happening Mrs. Morrison extended an invitation to Jeanette to sojourn with her until the affair could be settled. Jeanette, having no other plan, readily availed herself of Mrs. Morrison's hospitality. Barlow was a frequent visitor and felt sure that Jeanette was shielding some one or some fact closely connected with the solution. Therefore, he endeavored to gain her confidence.

Meanwhile the police had checked up on Brandon's movements after his abrupt departure from the apartment. According to the information gained, he had left his grandfather and gone to his club and thence to the home of a Miss Ruby Boisseau, whom he accompanied to the opera. It was also learned that he had paused at a popular florist shop and presented his companion with a corsage of violets.

Barlow seized upon this as an important factor and succeeded in gaining admittance into Brandon's bachelor apartment in a fashionable London club. Once there, he made a quick matter-of-fact search of the room. Much to his chagrin and utter disappointment, he found nothing of interest. About to take his departure, he noticed the late afternoon sun playing upon something of a bright color on the hearth. He found it to be small bits of purple glass. He gathered them up, and placing them in his pocket, he repaired to the scene of the crimes.

For some reason, quite unknown even to himself, he did not turn his find over to the police, but waited until he happened to catch Miss Ingleton alone. Very tactfully he told her of his find and told her his strong conviction that it had been broken from the head of a violet corsage pin.

So tactfully did he present his facts that she suddenly realized the hopelessness of holding out longer. In a low, strained voice, she told him of her conviction that Brandon was the perpetrator of the crime. Supporting this conviction she stated that on certain nights, during the time when Brandon lived with them, he would remain out very late, and the door would be locked by the old man himself. Brandon, however, she confided, had devised a means of avoiding discomfort by this fact. He had, in some indescribable manner, been able to slip the bolt enough to allow his hand to reach

the key on the inside, thus gaining ingress into the room.

Barlow promised to withhold her story, but confronted Brandon with the glass and the facts he had learned concerning the case. Brandon's attitude, which before had been one of silent suffering, changed abruptly to one of open defiance. He admitted the game was up and told a story which coincided with that of Miss Ingleton about the bolt.

He was convicted of the crime and paid the extreme penalty for an act perpetrated in a fit of rage and of which he had immediately repented.

Jeanette was grief stricken, but was soon reconciled to the fact that justice must run its course, no matter who is caught in its toils.

NATURE

By Averil Andrews

Everywhere the buttercups grow,
There is sunshine there;
Everywhere a bluebird sings,
Happiness is somewhere.

Every time a deed is done.
Good or bad or true,
Someone is made happy and glad,
Someone is made blue.

Every time an autumn leaf,
Trembles in the sun;
Days will grow short, and life will be brief,
Someone's course to run.

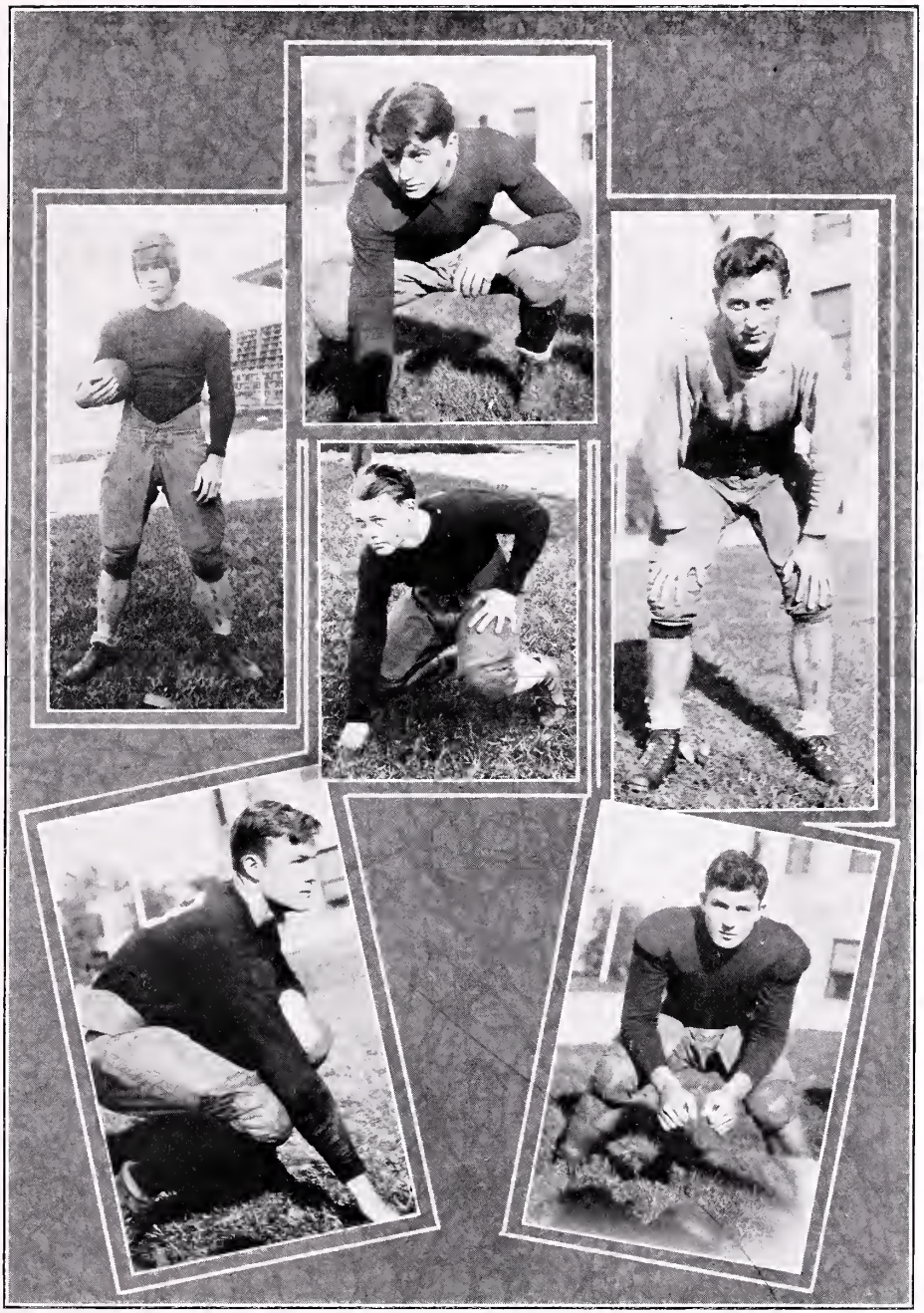
ON WINDOW PANES

By Sam Grossman

Window panes can be aptly compared with human beings in that no two of them show the same traits and peculiarities. Although the manufacturer of glass panes endeavors to make each one according to a certain standard, every pane differs in some slight way from the others. Let us study a few characteristic types that can be seen from where we are sitting.

Take that one, for instance, in the upper right hand corner of the last sash. See how it has the faculty to distort everything that is seen through it. As if by magic, commonplace objects become enchanted. Ordinary oak trees change to writhing monsters somewhat like those that frighten small boys in their sleep when they have eaten too much apple pie for supper. One story houses become lofty castles when seen through this magic crystal.

The pane directly on the left has the unique ability of reflection. It is so formed that it acts as a mirror. Between periods you may see anxious girls



Captain "Berk" Carter

"Doug" Myers

Rhonda Barnes

George Smith

"Johnny" Burks

Harmon Ayers

step hastily before it and deftly wield their powder puffs and lip sticks. Frequently they will smile into the pane as if well pleased with what they see and then hurry away to walk triumphantly down the hall with some fortunate (?) boy. Alas, how many pretty smiles are wasted on that unsympathetic piece of glass.

Now we see as through a glass darkly. This grimy pane must have been the thirteenth one for a superstitious janitor, for it looks as if no water has touched it for months. The only comparatively clear spot is where some ambitious boy had traced his initials at the expense of a very dirty index finger.

These are but a few meagre insights into characters of the interesting world of window panes.

THE SEA

By Myrtle Owen

I walked by the side of the restless sea
    Watching the waves sweep the soft, bright sand,
And rapidly falling, a silvery mist,
    The twilight gathered o'er water and land.

Far out across the misty sky-line—
    A ship sailed slowly and smoothly by
But finally faded, as in a dream
    As the darkening shades of night grew nigh.

Then like a glorious, radiant jewel
    A golden moon in splendor shone,
And each splashing, moon-flecked wavelet sang
    The song of the sea in a steady tone.

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EDITORIALS

THE NEW MISSILE

Petersburg High School is experimenting this year with a combined Missile and Roulette. The students of our High School have decided on an attempt to abandon the annual and incorporate in the Missile all of its best features, while dispensing with the objectionable ones.

This action was taken only after the plan had been submitted to the Senior Class and had been approved by a majority vote.

Perhaps there are some who do not understand why this change was necessary. We will try to explain to them in as few words as possible why the Senior Class thought it best to adopt this new plan. Last year the expense of publishing the Missile was so great that the business staff was forced to cut deeply into the reserve funds which had generally been carried from year to year. Now very little of this surplus is left to start the Missile off this term. It was clearly seen that this type of Missile could not be published without going heavily into debt.

Last year's Annual was so expensive that at first the staff was in a quandary how to finance it. It was only through the heroic efforts of the class and members of the faculty and also by the generous donations of various clubs that the Roulette was barely able to keep from going into debt.

Obviously these conditions could go on no longer. This year's Senior Class was faced with two alternates. One was to reduce the standard of both the Roulette and the Missile. The other, which the Class has wisely chosen, is to combine the two, making the Missile serve a dual purpose and still keep its former standard.

The idea is not new and its feasibility has been proven by many ranking high schools.

Of course this "new" Missile will be much more expensive than formerly, but the subscription rate has not been raised one penny.

It is the plan of the staff to have the Senior Class pay for the last issue which will be run exclusively as a Senior number. A Missile of this calibre can only exist when there is the one hundred per cent support of the student body.

Which shall it be: a second rate Missile and probably no Annual at all, or a magazine combining the best features of the old Roulette with a "bigger and better" Missile? It's up to you.

S. W. G.

A SUGGESTION

Why not sell our moving picture machine and give the proceeds to charity? Like an echo the answer comes back, "Every modern school should have one in its auditorium." Admittedly true, but every modern high school has a football team also, and what would you think of a team that trained to a hair-line condition and then sat around the whole season without playing a game? We have a perfectly good cinematograph in our possession, but its function in the high school is rather vague. It is like the proverbial bump on a log; it's there and that's about all.

Several years ago short reels, educational and historical, were shown regularly to the students. These exhibitions formed a vital part of the attractiveness of school life for the students as much as, or even more than, the literary societies, the orchestra, etc. For some reason this practice was discontinued, and today few students are aware of the existence of the machine. It has been fittingly said that the only thing that breaks down the efficiency of a mechanical device more than use is disuse. However, our machine is in such a condition that a little overhauling would put it in running shape.

The Civics Club might well include this idea in its repertory of projects for school improvement. The History Club might bring some films here of historical interest. Do the moving picture machine in the auditorium and the useless antennae on the top of the school constitute evidences of a greater and more modern period in our school's history? Put the moving picture machine to work.

J. E. C.

LITTLE MISSILES

"Buddy" Knight: "Yes, I teach the piano."
Dunford: "What do you teach it?"

Mr. Miller: "She gave him a book. Why is *book* the direct and *him* the indirect object?"
Mr. Rennie: "Because she wouldn't give *him* away."

Mr. Burns (explaining example of volume): "In this example we are digging a well. What are we trying to find?"
Ed Williamson: "Water."

It is rumored that Mr. Burns made no less than ten trips up and down the hall the day the tooth paste samples were given away at the medical conference.

CHEWING GUM

By Margaret Fischer

It was a most inspiring sight
At the recent football game,
To see Mr. Miller chewing gum.
I'll never be the same.

His jaws were going just as fast
As the members of the team,
And all the pupils sat and looked.
It surely was a scream!

May the teachers follow his example
And pop a piece of gum.
And before so many more sad times
To us for gum they'll come!

J. E. C. says that the women who are always giving away a piece of their mind are the ones who have naturally so little.

"Pop" Stuart prescribes the writing of Latin verse to drive away melancholia. We suppose that he argues that "worser" can always drive "worse" away any day.

He: "I've been wanting to tell you something for a week back."
She (hopefully): "What is it?"
He (losing his nerve): "Red Cross Kidney Plasters."

THE SEASONS

By Jarl E. Canburg

Spring

Like a new tooth in an old man's mouth — (Spring — Freshets) — Buds, Brooms, Ashes, Streams of tourists and Fried Catfish.

Summer

Like the blush of a maiden with the paint washed away—(Summer—Sports)—Lazy Dogs, Burning Rubber, Tin Cans, Cabbage has dropped two cents, Forest Fires, Sweat Bands, Poison Ivy, All-Day Suckers, Fried Frog Legs.

Autumn

Like the Plus Fours of Archibald as they come out of the rain—(Autumn—Leaves)—Dusty books, Stream of Tourists, Butter 65c a lb., cold storage eggs, Resolutions, The smell of Fresh Coal Dust on the air, Fried Eggfruit.

Winter

Like an old head of hair that has seen its best days—(Winter—Wet Feet)—Ear Muffs, Canned Goods, Howling Dogs, Tracks, Saturday Night, Thin Sheets, Hot Irons, Dark Days and Darker Nights, Coffee on the Morning Air, Santa Claus, Fried and Frozen Moo Moo.

A BILL

By Virginia Lee Strailman

As I was swinging on the gate
The postman passed along the way;
A single letter was dropped by fate
As I was swinging on the gate.
'Twas a bill for the damage I'd done
"Pop's" Pate,
For my talking had made him more bald
each day.
As I was swinging on the gate
The postman passed along the way.

Johnny Burks says Sergeant must have been a barber (along with his other occupations) in his more spritely days, since he is always shaving marks.

Dumb: "What is Ohm's Law?"
Dumber: "I didn't know Sergeant had a law."

Wanted—A new unadjustable belt. Apply assistant principal at office.

Professor: "Hang it! I have given that fellow a whole course of lessons in memory training, and now he's gone off and forgot to pay his fee—and I can't remember what his name is."

He: "When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?"
She: "I don't know."
He: "When U and I are one."

IN THE LIBRARY

(After one of the old masters)

We sat around a table
Talking poetry.
I spoke,
And someone else spoke,
Then I spoke again,
Again I spoke.
I say it honestly:
I speak much more than other boys.
And so I spoke again
And once again.
When I was about to go,
A little lady,
Young in years but older than myself,
Addressed me very, very nicely,
"You are an egotistical little mutt."
I smiled.
I always smile when I feel hurt.

A DORINE

By Elma Mitchell

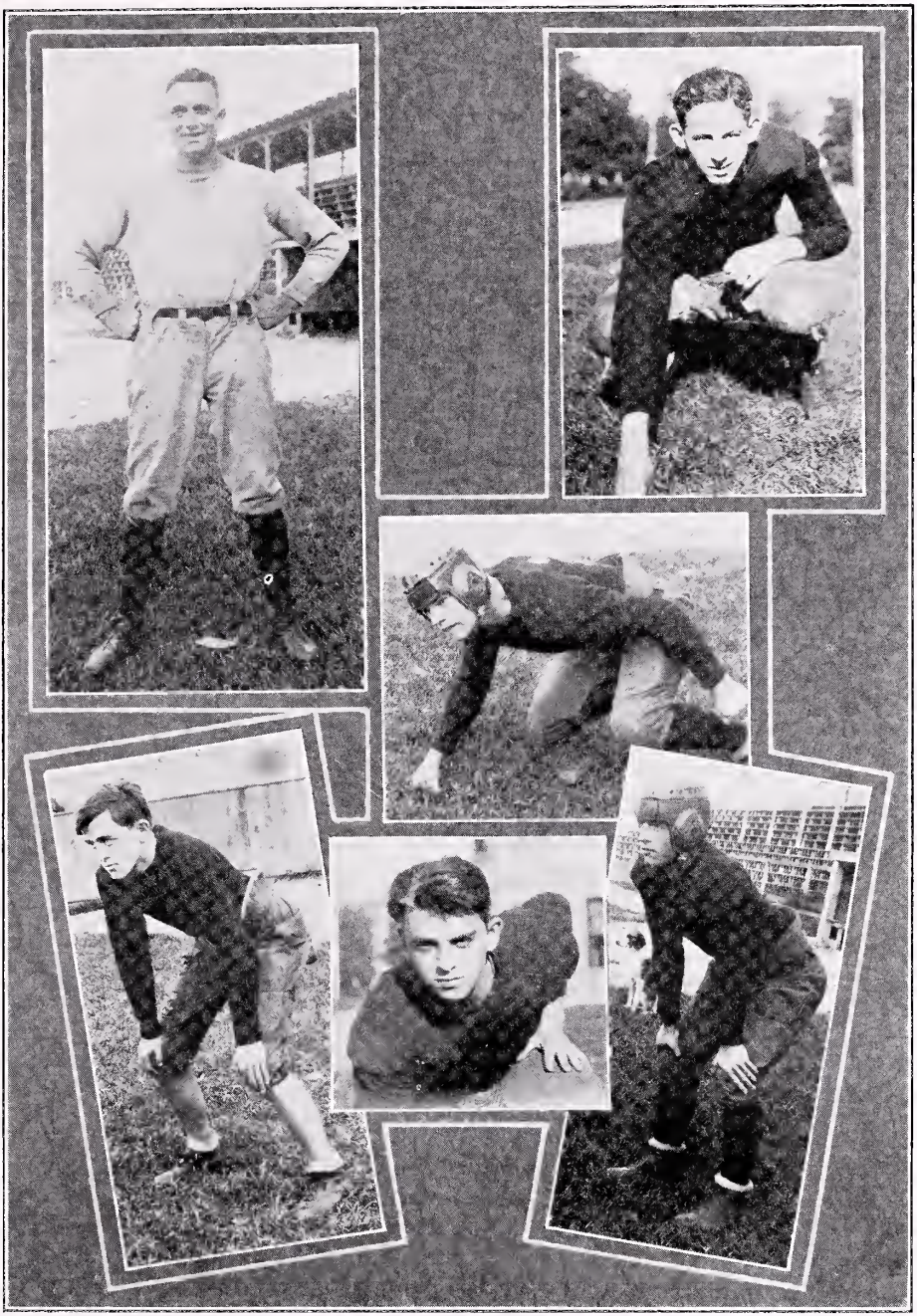
A dorine is a funny thing,
It really seems so small;
But what would I do if mine were lost,
And I didn't have any at all?

It seems that everywhere you go
You see them always in use.
They even have rouge and lipstick too,
And nearly always are loose.

Especially when the preacher prays
You see them all appear,
But girls must have some aid to beauty,
Or their chances will disappear.

FAMOUS QUOTATIONS IN PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

Mr. Miller: "As sentimental as Edgar Guest."
"Pop" Stuart: "Quiet, please."
"Ducky" Holmes: "I know my Physics."
Mr. Burns: "Let's keep off the grass."
Mr. Wolff: "Our boys fought bravely."
Senorita: "I am having a tea party this afternoon."



Coach R. C. Day

"Winkie" Winfield

"Buck" Baird

Alex Bryant

John Lucas

Arthur Brown

A number of questions and answers that we all have to face at some time or another.

1. Getting up, Jimmie? It's half-past eight.
2. Is that so?
3. Want to go along?
4. Where's the lesson?
5. Where have you been all my life, goodlooking?
6. Whose tiddy iddums is oo?
7. Have you sore throat and bulging cheeks every morning?

Answers

1. Be down in a minute.
2. Yes, that's so!
3. I'd love to.
4. How should I know?
5. Tee-hee-hee!
6. I's dreat big boofums man's tiddy iddums.
7. Inclosed please find one dollar for two bottles of Tonsiline.

According to Motley a dentist is the only person that can safely tell a woman to shut her mouth.

He wrote: "Did you get that check for a thousand kisses that I sent you?"

She replied: "Yes, Bob cashed it for me last night."

Stern young woman teacher: "Tommy, if you cannot behave yourself, I shall have to take your name."

Outside Tommy confided to a chum: "My teacher's threatened to marry me if I don't look out."

Joel Cox (in "address" before Page Society): "The two wonders of modern science are Miss Fields and Mr. Holmes."

Solid geometry instructor (hearing the noise of rolling "bones"): "Are you gentlemen studying?"

Student: "Yes, sir, we are studying the laws of the cube."

TRAGEDY

By Dera Brown

To the show we were sure to be late,
For she stopped to powder her nose.
"Now hurry up," said her mate
"To the show we are sure to be late!"
And they scarcely got out of the gate
When she took that self same pose.
To the show we were sure to be late,
For she stopped to powder her nose.

We could entertain you further with jokes from an inexhaustible source, but we have no room in the Little Missiles for the individual pictures of the Student Body.

Memory

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born.
And how the sun came peeping
Where the window shade was torn.

O, yes, I still remember
The landlord on the first,
When he bellowed and growled,
When he listened to the worst.

"WITH BALLS AND BATS"

On The Square

By Charles Van Housen

When the hard, gruelling contest is ended,
And the ozone is full of the cries
Of the lads in the stand, who beat the glad hand,
As the judges award you the prize,
While you push out your chest, proud and peppy,
In the glow of the spot-light's bright glare—
If they knew every play that you made, would they say.
"He won—and he won on the square?"

And what hap if it be your ill fortune
To stand with the team which has lost,
And to struggle like sin to stage a brave grin
As you figure just all that it cost?
Won't it lighten the pain of your losing,
And make it far easier to bear,
If you truly can say, as you check every play:
"I lost, but I lost on the square!"

There are plays the best referee misses,
In spite of the best he can do,
If the dust of the fight keeps you out of his sight,
And he can't keep his peepers on you!
Ah, it's then comes the test of your honor!
It's a test that no other can share!
God grant you may say at the end of the play;
"I played—and I played on the square!"

Old sport!—in this battle called "living,"
What matter the praise or the blame?
Keep your eye on the prize that's awarded the ones
Who are true to the rules of the game!
It's the prize of a conscience unsullied,
And a record that's spotless and fair!
So here's to the toast: "Be it ever our boast,
Win or Lose—but we play on the square!"

VARSITY SKETCHES

Captain Berkeley Carter

Position—guard.
Weight—165.
Height—6 ft.

This is "Berk's" third year on the team and he plays an excellent game in one of the guard positions. He is one of the mainstays of the line, and makes a fine leader for the team.

Douglas Myers

Position—quarterback.
Weight—160.
Height—5 ft., 10 ins.

"Doug" is playing his second year for the P. H. S. Crimson Wave and how he is playing it. He makes a fine field general, and we can't say enough about his ball-carrying ability, his punting and passing.

Rhonda Barnes

Position—left halfback.
Weight—170.
Height—5 ft., 11½ ins.

This is also Rhonda's second year for the team and he is taking off a lot of honors, playing left halfback. He's hard to stop when he gets started.

Arthur Brown

Position—right halfback.
Weight—137.
Height—5 ft., 8 ins.

John Lucas

Position—right halfback.
Weight—135.
Height—5 ft., 10 ins.

These two boys have been alternating the right half position and both of them play a good game. Arthur is playing his second year, while John is doing his part for the first time.

John Burks

Position—end.
Weight—165.
Height—6 ft., ½ in.

"Johnnie" is another third year man and is playing the terminal position to the right. His offensive game is good and his lengthy build makes possible those Myers-to-Burks passes.

Gordon Winfield

Position—end.
Weight—134.
Height—5 ft., 7 ins.

Here we have another end, not as tall as his partner or the other end, but all there just the same. "Winkie" is playing his first year on the varsity, but we feel sure he would have been there before had it not been for mishaps.

Alex Bryant

Position—tackle.
Weight—149.
Height—5 ft., 9½ ins.

Alex is a second year man and plays a tackle position. He makes a good job of it, and we miss him when he's not there.

Harmon Ayers

Position—center.
Weight—160.
Height—6 ft.

Harmon is playing his second year as center. He plays a good game offensively and does the same good work defensively, as a tackle.

Seldon Baird

Position—guard.
Weight—158.
Height—5 ft., 8 ins.

Playing the other guard position, we have "Jim Buck". While playing a nice game in guard, he also has the position of team comedian.

George Smith

Position—tackle.
Weight—158.
Height—5 ft., 8 ins.

Last, but not least, we have "Smitty", occupying a tackle berth. He's right there with "ye olde fight spirit" on the offense. This is his first year.

The 1927 football squad of the Petersburg High School is as follows:

Backs—Myers, Barnes, Lucas, Dunn, Brown, Aldridge, Berkeley, Underwood, Cameron, Belcher, Spotswood, Stith, Sheretz.

Guards—Carter (captain), Baird, Brockwell, Gellman, Bernard, Roper.

Tackles—Webster, Smith, Crackford, Bryant, Brown, Tobias, Johnson, Young.

Ends—Burks, Winfield, Ennis, Drewry, Livesay, Williamson, Grant, Prince.

Centers—H. Ayers, J. Ayers, Goodwin, Burke.

Managers—Rucker, Carwile, Branch.

The record of the football team so far this year is as follows:

P. H. S.	0	Newport News 13
P. H. S.	34	Emporia 12
P. H. S.	27	Hopewell 0
P. H. S.	7	John Marshall 19
P. H. S.	12	McGuire's 13
P. H. S.	0	Portsmouth 0
P. H. S.	29	Suffolk 0

The entire football squad would like to extend their sympathy to Joe Prince, plucky end, who broke his leg in the John Marshall game. Joe was playing in a good part of the varsity games but on account of his misfortune will undoubtedly be out for the rest of the season. The whole squad joins in wishing him a speedy recovery.

FOOTBALL AT P. H. S.

1927

The year 1927 is going to be a "red letter year" in the athletic activities of the Petersburg High School. It started getting red when the call for football candidates was issued in September. In response to the call, fifty boys reported for practice. This number has now been cut down to a little over three teams. These boys go out every day and practice hard, and when the game comes they play a clean, fair and sportsmanlike game.

It is taken for granted that our teams are going to play the game right and put all they have in that game to win. However, no matter how hard a team practices, or how they strive to win, they can do nothing without support, and support is just what we have this year. Heretofore it could not always be said that the various teams had been supported, but the student body is certainly right behind the football team this year. When the Athletic Tickets were issued they went over big and to make a good thing better they are being used. All attendance records have been shattered by the student body of 1927. As a result, the team, backed by a sympathetic and cheering student body has done better work and promises still better in the future. This just shows what can be done when everybody puts his shoulder to the wheel and pushes for all he is worth.

Let's hope that the new spirit manifested will pervade the Petersburg High School this whole season and as long as P. H. S. shall have its various teams.

At the last meeting of the Athletic Council, it was decided by a unanimous vote, to join the Class A Division of the Virginia High School Athletic and Literary League. The Petersburg High School has for the past few years been invited to join this association, but for reasons of its own, has always deemed it wise to stay out.

This year, however, the League has made some wise changes and they practically removed all bars that have heretofore caused the High School to remain aloof. By joining this league the standing of the high school is improved. The first athletics that the league will govern will be this year's basketball.

SCRAPS

Hurrah! Miss Guerrant has ceased to inflict the punishment of a term paper on her 4 H Civics Class. "Surely there's some catch to that," you say. And there is. She has supplemented it by an equally arduous task. Each senior is now required to write to another state for a copy of its State Constitution. When this is received, each student must compare it with that of our own state. Will this be an easier or a more difficult task than the writing of a term paper? Let's leave this question to be answered by the 4 H Class.

Several weeks ago, during one recess, the old members of the Square Circle had their fun, and many of the pupils were likewise entertained at the expense of the new members. They were first made to offer peanuts to the students and any passers-by. Many were sent to offer help to those who happened to be passing. Much to the surprise of the onlookers and to the girl herself, one man permitted her to carry his hat part of the way up the street for him. This was just one form of the initiation. The new members were forced to undergo many other forms of torment before they were accepted as members.

Mr. Francis Robertson, of the class of '27, has achieved a position at the University of Richmond which makes the Petersburg High School feel very proud. He has been elected president of the Freshman Class. Mr. Fletcher Wright, also of the class of '27, has won honors at the same college. He has been elected Class Senator.

The Senior Class this year has decided to do away with the "Roulette" and to replace it by a special issue of the "Missile". This was caused by the lack of funds, the small number of annuals sold, the heavy cost, and smaller number of students since the Junior High School was built. There was much opposition to this at first, but after Mr. Miller had placed before us the circumstances so clearly, the students deemed it best, and the vote was passed in its favor. The last issue of the "Missile" will be a Senior Class edition. The individual pictures of the Seniors will appear in this last edition. The pictures of the various organizations will appear throughout the year. This will be very beneficial in the department of athletics, for it will enable the pictures of the teams to appear in print while they are still in season. Of course this is just an experiment, but the staff is working hard to make it a successful one.

If any one had wandered into the High School between October the seventeenth and the twenty-first, he would have thought that he was in the Arts and Crafts building of the Fair rather than the High School. The whole first floor corridor was lined with booths, advertising everything from Horlick's Malted Milk to tooth paste. No, it was not the Fair, it was just the convention of the State Medical Society. Doctors came from all over the State to attend this convention.

Since the cost of printing pictures in the "Missile" is very high, it has been estimated that the lowest possible price for the club pictures will be ten dollars. This is rather a drain on those who belong to more than one society. The Athletic Association has kindly consented to allow these clubs to sell candy, drinks, and the like at the various games. They have provided that all of the money made over ten dollars should be turned over to

the Athletic Association. We advise the A. A., however, not to build too many air castles with the proceeds.

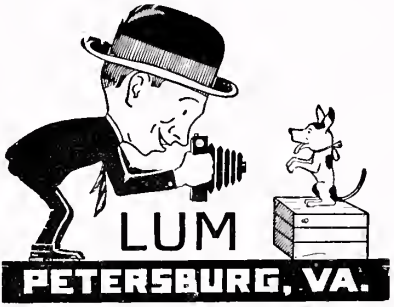
The Petersburg High School graduates have been winning honors for themselves at other colleges besides the University of Richmond. Miss Katherine Cook was elected president of the Freshman Class at William and Mary.

Rudolph Van Erickson, who won the silver football given by Mr. Staunton Pilcher to the best all around football players on the team of 1924 has won honor for himself at V. P. I., where he has continued to star on the football field. Recently his picture was featured in the paper as the star football player of V. P. I.

Mr. Edward Wyatt, who took such an active part in literary work while he was in High School, has received a signal honor by being made literary editor of the "Yellow Jacket", the school paper at Randolph-Macon College, where he is now a student. But this is not the only honor which he has gained for himself. He has also been elected to the annual staff. The Petersburg High School can well feel proud of him.

It seems to be a fad now among all the societies to buy pins. This is not a bad idea, for one always likes to have some lasting memoir of his High School days. And what will serve this purpose better than a pin? The only objection to the pins lies in the fact that each society is trying to get its pin before the other. This is a little unfortunate, for it naturally causes a little antagonism between them. All of this feeling, however, will blow over before long.

An interesting letter was received by Mr. Wolff from Mr. Mitchell Bowman, of the class of 1920, congratulating us on the splendid issue of the last "Roulette". Mr. Bowman is now connected with the Standard Oil Company in India. His account of the school children in India and the methods used by the school masters is extremely interesting.



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